



A Fawcett Publication

APRIL
NO. 95

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES
10¢



In this issue
**CAPTAIN
MARVEL**
and
**THE GREAT
ICE
CAP**

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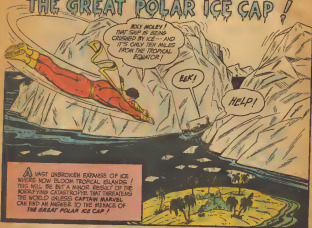
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Kodak

"KODAK" IS A TRADEMARK

Captain **MARVEL** *and*

THE GREAT POLAR ICE CAP!



A VAST UNBROKEN EXpanse OF ICE WHERE NOW BLOOM TROPICAL ISLANDS! THIS WILL BE BUT A MINOR RESULT OF THE HORRIFYING CATASTROPHE THAT THREATENS THE WORLD UNLESS CAPTAIN MARVEL CAN FIND AN ANGLE TO THE MESSAGE OF THE GREAT POLAR ICE CAP!

CONSIDER, IF YOU WILL, THAT OUR PLANET EARTH IS SPINNING AROUND THE SUN LIKE A TOP!



HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THAT TOP SHOULD START TO Wobble --- EXACTLY LIKE A CHILD'S TOY? THE ICE CAPS AT EARTH'S POLES WOULD BE THROWN DOWN OVER ALL OF CIVILIZATION CAUSING A DISASTER UNLIKE ANYTHING WE HAVE KNOWN SINCE OUR WORLD BEGAN!



CAPT. MARVEL

YET THIS IS THE DANGER WE FACE TERRY! THE POLAR ICE CAPS ARE GROWING HEAVIER AND HEAVIER! SOON OUR PLANET WILL BEAR TO NOBBLE UNDER THIS TREMENDOUS BURDEN OF ICE!



THE RATE OF GROWTH OF THE POLAR ICE CAPS HAS BECOME ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE AT ONCE!



THANK YOU, PROFESSOR VAN DER STEELE! I'M SURE YOUR WARNINGS WILL BE TAKEN TO HEART BY OUR LISTENERS!

BUT DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH, POLARIS! CAPTAIN MARVEL WILL HELP PROFESSOR VAN DER STEELE FIND A SOLUTION!



BYE!

WHAT IS CAPTAIN MARVEL'S OLD ENEMY, GYVANA, DOING IN SUCH STRANGE SURROUNDINGS?

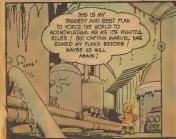


BILLY DOESN'T KNOW THE REAL REASON WHY THE POLAR ICE CAPS ARE GROWING! HE'S HERE! AND HE WON'T FIND OUT!

MY GREAT FREEZER MANUFACTURES A MILLION TONS OF DRY ICE AN HOUR! AND ALL IT NEEDS TO OPERATE IS THE CARBON DIOXIDE IT TAKES FROM THE AIR! HEY-HEY! AFTER ALL, DRY ICE IS JUST FROZEN CARBON DIOXIDE!



THIS IS MY BIGGEST AND BEST PLAN TO FORCE THE WORLD TO ACKNOWLEDGE ME AS ITS RIGHTFUL RULER! BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS RUINED MY PLANS BEFORE! MAYBE HE WILL AGAIN!



I JUST NEED A LITTLE MORE TIME! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL DOESN'T INTERFERE BEFORE I'M READY!







THERE! THE SHIP'S READY FOR LAUNCHING NOW! I'LL TELL PROFESSOR VAN DER STEELE THE GOOD NEWS!

YIPPIE!



SOON, AT THE PROFESSOR'S HOME...

I'VE JUST COME FROM THE SHIPYARD! WE'RE READY TO SAIL FOR THE NORTH POLE!

EE... AH... I'M AFRAID I WAS A BIT RAGGY BEFORE, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



I'VE BEEN CHECKING MY CALCULATIONS! I...UH... PROVEDDER THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

YOU'RE MISTAKEN, PROFESSOR! THE SITUATION IS EVEN MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU ORIGINALLY SUPPOSED!



BUT WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S CAUSING THE ICE CAP TO GROW TO SUCH DANGEROUS DIMENSIONS! I SUGGEST YOU LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

VERY WELL, IF YOU SAY SO!

ABOVE ALL, I MUSTN'T MAKE CAPTAIN MARVEL TRAGICOUS!



SOMETIME LATER, AS THE POLAR EXPEDITION SHIP PLUNDERS THROUGH FROZEN WASTES...

WE'RE SHOULDN'T BE ICE AT THIS LATITUDE!



THAT PROVES NOW THE ICE CAP IS GROWING! I HOPE YOU'LL FIND A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM SOON, PROFESSOR!

EE... I DON'T THINK THAT ICE IN THIS VICINITY BEARS ANYTHING!



THE AIR IS BAD, TOO! GOING TO BE HEAVY WITH CARBON DIOXIDE!

THAT'S FROM THE MELTING ICE! THE BRAT WILL FIND OUT EVERYTHING IF I DON'T GET RID OF HIM!



CAPT. MARVEL





CAPT. MARVEL

AFTER HALF AN HOUR'S SEARCH OF THE WAST
BARREN WILDERNESS OF SNOW AND ICE...

THE AIR IS MUCH CLEARER
HERE! IT'S ALMOST
PURE OXYGEN—
ALL THAT EXPLAINING IT!
THERE'S A GIANTIC
INTAKE PIPE HIDDEN
IN THAT ICE
MOUNTAIN!



THIS ICE MOUNTAIN
MUST BE JUST
A PASSAGE FOR
SIVANA'S HIDE-OUT!
BET SHE'D BET
BE TAKING CARBON
DIOXIDE FROM THE AIR
TO MANUFACTURE
DRY ICE!

CRASH!



I WAS
RIGHT!

CURSES!
IT'S THAT
RED CHEESE
AGAIN!



THAT'S THE
END OF THIS
FRENCH FIST!

CRASH!

YOU'RE TOO LATE,
CAPTAIN MARVEL! I'VE
ALREADY PUSHED THE ICE
CAP PAST THE DANGER
POINT! PEP-UP!



STAGGERING UNDER THE HEAVY
BURDEN OF POLAR ICE, THE SHIP
BEGINS TO Wobble ON ITS AXES!

YOU'RE MAD,
SIVANA!

THE SURVIVORS
OF THIS CATASTROPHE
WILL BE DEAD TO
ACKNOWLEDGE ME
AS THEIR LEGITIMATE
RULER!

I'LL LEAVE YOU IN
CUSTODY ON
THE SHIP! THEN
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN
TO SAVE THE
WORLD!

NOT
EVEN YOU
CAN
SAVE IT,
NOW!
REP... REP!



COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF TONS OF ICE HAVE ALREADY STARTED THEIR PERILOUS SLIDE SOUTHWARD TO COVER THE POPULATED AREAS. WHAT CAN EVEN THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL MORTAL DO TO STEER THIS MIND-SHAKING CATASTROPHE?

THERE'S JUST ONE HOPE! I'VE GOT TO LIFT AS MUCH OF THIS ICE CAP AS I CAN!



ALL OF CAPTAIN MARVEL'S INCREDIBLE POWERS ARE STRAINED TO THE LIMIT AS HE FIGHTS AGAINST THE MIGHTY HURDS OF ICE!

IT... IT'S LIFTING!

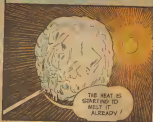
CRACK



OUT IN THE DEPTHS OF SPACE, CAPTAIN MARVEL FLIES SPEEDILY TOWARD THE SUN!



IT'D BETTER NOT DROP THIS! IT WOULD MAKE A CRATER A THOUSAND TIMES BIGGER THAN THE GRAND CANYON!



THE HEAT IS STARTING TO MELT IT ALREADY!

UNDER THE MERCIFUL BLAZE OF THE SUN'S RAYS, THE ICE SOON DISSOLVES!

THE EARTH IS SAFE NOW! THE ICE CAP IS BACK TO NORMAL, AND SHANA'S FRENCH FREEZER THAT I DESTROYED CAN'T ANY MORE ANNOUNCE TO IT!



BATER...

OUR PLANET ISN'T TOP-HEAVY ANYMORE, POLKS! I'VE JUST TALKED WITH THE REAL PROFESSOR VAN DER STEELE! HE SAYS THE DANGER IS OVER, AND SHANA'S BACK IN JAIL... WHERE HE BELONGS! GO LONG NOW!



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In every package
of Kellogg's PEP!
NO EXTRA COST!

NEW "TURBO-JET" PLANE!

- ★ Real ALUMINUM jet-type wing in every PEP package!
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IT LOOPS! IT DIVES!
IT SOARS!
IT ZOOMS
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See different designs—Red Hawk, Sky Shark, Flying Saucer, Flying Star, Thunder Jet, Green Dragon! Collect 'em all—hold your own air fleet!

ACTUAL SIZE
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It's fun! It's easy to build PEP's "Turbo-Jet" Plane! Doesn't cost an extra cent. No box tops to mail! Real aluminum jet-type wing packed in every package of nutritious, delicious Kellogg's PEP! Wings, tail, are printed on back of package—ready to cut out and assemble!

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KIDS! FLY PEP'S TURBO-JET PLANE
AND LEARN JUNIOR JET PILOTING!
EAT SWELL-TASTING PEP AND
GET GOOD FOOD ENERGY!



LEE HALLER
Did it
First! (Not
Extra Weight)



WINGS BY MAIL
BY MAIL ONLY

IT'S QUICK! EASY!
FUN TO BUILD
YOUR TURBO-
JET PLANE!
DIRECTIONS ON EVERY
PACKAGE.



1. Remove aluminum wing from package.



2. Cut out cardboard body on package back.



3. Assemble body, insert wing—that's it.

...AND IT'S ALL
YOURS AT NO
EXTRA COST
—in every package
of PEP
(in USA, and Canada)

SWELL GAMES, TOO!
Instructions for a variety of exciting Turbo Jet games on PEP packages. **DECAL COLLECTORS!** Some packages of Kellogg's PEP with decal transfer planes are still available! Look for them!

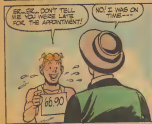
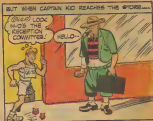
Capt. Kid

CHAIR-MAN OF THE DAY









Z N2O GN2B RH RH HGLV ULI BLF WNGS HLABS! N.
 G2MS D200 YI X00P ZANK SH D200 G2EN YSLAHM
 G2H U210G M20N YS G20M J WLM2B M20H D20V ZH20R2T
 H2L2B N. G20M2B Q20H U20R2B RM N20P20W2N!
 D2020G U21 G2B!

Captain MARVEL *and*

THE MAN WHO WANTED TO BE POOR!



SOME PEOPLE ARE BUSY / OTHER PEOPLE ARE VERY BUSY / BUT BENNY P. BLAKE IS A VERY, VERY BUSY MAN!



LATER... NOW I HAVE TO WORK OUT BY TAXES! WHAT A HEAD-ACHE! SOMETIMES I WISH I DIDN'T EARN A PENNY!

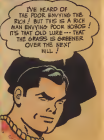
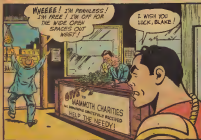


AND I JUST LOST MONEY ON THAT LAST STOCK DEAL / WORRY, WORRY, WORRY / IS IT ALL WORTH WHILE? WORKING HARD... MAKING MONEY... AND TRYING HARD TO SPEND ON IT?



CAPT. MARVEL





CAPT. MARVEL



A WANDERER
WOOD WOULDN'T HEAR
A BANG! APPEAL / HAIR!
I SUSIDE THE ONLY THING
TO BRING CAPTAIN
MARVEL AFTER
BOOM!



SWAMP!



THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL DOES
IN SEARCH OF NOBO WARE!
HE SAID HE WAS LEADING WEST / IF
I KEEP MY EYES OPEN ON ALL SIDES.



MEANVILLE...
SURE I'LL FEED YOU,
MISTER --- AFTER YOU
CHOP THAT PILE
OF WOOD!
AND I THOUGHT
NOBOS DIDN'T
WORK!



I'M WEAK FROM
HUNGER... I
CAN'T
GO ON...
DRAH!

BLAKE! I'VE
FOUND YOU ---
HEY! WHAT'S
BROKE'D?



HE MUST HAVE COLLAPSED FROM EX-
HAUSTION AS HE TRIED TO EARN A PEAL!
I'LL FINISH THIS JOB FOR HIM!



NO! ENOUGH OF THE NAFFY LIFE OF
A NOBO, BLAKE? YOUR BOSS SENT
ME TO BRING YOU BACK --- AT
DOUBLE YOUR SALARY!

NO!
I WON'T GO
BACK!



BUT, BLAKE...

NO BUTS! I DON'T WANT A JOB
AND A BOSS! NOBODY CAN TELL
ME WHAT TO DO ANYMORE!
I'M FREE!





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month in

*Captain
Marvel*

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IN
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Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State No.....

Please be sure that your address is filled out correctly so that our mailmen will not be misled.

Captain MARVEL

HISTORY GOES WILD

111

Visit your
CITY MUSEUM

OPENING: 10:00 A. M.

EXHIBIT OF
BONES OF
DINOSAURS
AND
OTHER
EXTINCT
ANIMALS

LATEST NEWS

BILLY BAYSON,
BOY NEWSCASTER
OF STATION WXYZ,
HURRIED TO THE
PRIVATE OBSER-
VATORY OF A
WELL-KNOWN
ASTRONOMER!

PROFESSOR
JAMSON SAID
HE HAD
SOMETHING
IMPORTANT
FOR ME TO BROADCAST!
HE SOUNDED EXCITED
OVER THE PHONE —
EVEN SCARED!

PROFESSOR
JAMSON SAID
HE HAD
SOMETHING
IMPORTANT

DOON!

BILLY, WITH MY
SPECIAL INFRARED
TELESCOPE, I'VE CAPTURED A
GLIMPSE OF AN ORDINARY
VISIBLE WORLD WANDERING
IN SPACE! AND IT'S GOING
TO COLLIDE WITH OUR
EARTH!

WOW!
WOW! / AHA,
YOU GUYS,
PROFESSOR?

YES! I'M AFRAID
EARTH IS
POORLY
NOBODY CAN
GRIP THE
GRAB! WARN
THE PEOPLE
OVER THE
AIR!

WOW!
WOW!



CAPT. MARVEL





CAPT. MARVEL





OF COURSE, PRESIDENT GEORGE WASHINGTON! WHO ELSE?

OH, THIS IS TOO MUCH! NOW GEORGE WASHINGTON IS STILL PRESIDENT IN 1949!



I'VE JUST GOT TO SEE THE PROFESSOR. REMEMBER I--- HOLY MOLEY! NOW I SEE A HEAVENLY MAN!



AND PEOPLE HAVE THOSE THINGS FOR PETS / WHAT HAPPENED TO CATS AND DOGS?

CATS AND DOGS? THEY'VE BEEN EXTINGUISHED FOR YEARS, YOU SILLY MAN!



RUN! TWO CROOKS JUST ROBBERED A BANK!

WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING NATURAL AND NORMAL!



OR IS IT? THOSE CROOKS ARE SHOOTING ARROWS!



HOLY MOLEY! EVEN THE POLICE USE ARROWS! DON'T YOU USE GUNS AND BULLETS?

GUNS? BULLETS? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



THE WORLD'S MOSTST NORMAL FACED THE WORLD'S MOSTST ARROWY!

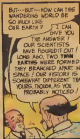
I'LL GO MAD! EVERYTHING IS ALL JUMBLED UP! THIS IS EARTH AND IT'S THE YEAR 1949, BUT SUDDENLY ALL HISTORY HAS GONE AWAY! I'VE GOT TO GET THE ANSWER FROM THE PROFESSOR BEFORE I TURN INTO A DIZZYING IDOT! IF THERE'S ONE MORE INTERRUPTION, I'LL SHAKS IT!





NO! I'M PROFESSOR JANSON / YOURS AN ASSISTANT!

WAIT! NOW I SEE IT ALL / I'M ON THE WRONG WORLD / WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL AND I THOUGHT WE RETURNED TO EARTH, WE REALLY CAME TO THIS OTHER WORLD!



BUT--BUT--HOW CAN THE HUNDREDS WORLD BE GO RUDY LIKE OUR EARTH?

I CAN GIVE YOU THE ANSWER! OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE FIGURED IT OUT! LONG AGO, TWO TWIN EARTHS WERE FORMED! THEY BEGAN TO DRIFT IN SPACE! OUR HISTORY IS SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT THAN YOURS, THOUGH, AS YOU PROBABLY NOTICED!



A QUALITY IN OUR ATMOSPHERE KEEPS OUR PLANET INVISIBLE! BUT NOW, AFTER LONG AGES, THE TWIN EARTHS ARE ABOUT TO CRASH, AS THEIR PATHS THROUGH SPACE INTERSECT!

NO! THEY WON'T! I SENT CAPTAIN MARVEL TO SAVE THE OTHER WORLD AWAY!



NO! WAIT! I SENT CAPTAIN MARVEL TO MOVE MY EARTH AWAY! I TOLD HIM TO SAVE IT IN THE SUN AND DESTROY IT! DESTRUCTION! WHAT HAVE I DONE?



DEARWILE, THE WORLD'S MOST FINEST PORTAL MOVES A WORLD!

OHAY! NOW THE TWO WORLD'S MOST COLLIDE!



LATER...

CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOU SHOULD OUR EARTH AWAY!

NO! I DIDN'T, PROFESSOR! OUT IN SPACE, I FIGURED IT OUT FOR MYSELF THAT THERE ARE TWIN EARTHS! SO I MOVED THE RIGHT WORLD AWAY-- THIS ONE! AND NOT INTO THE SUN, ONLY TOWARD ANOTHER STAR WHICH CAN BE ITS OWN SUN!



AND SOON, BACK ON THE REAL EARTH...

THAT WAS CERTAINLY A STRANGE ADVENTURE, ISN'T IT, BOB? BUT I'M SURE WE'RE BACK ON THE RIGHT WORLD, NOW, FOR BEHOLD THE PROOF-- SEE?

DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE BY ADMIRAL HENRY HAY

**TIGHTWAD
TAD**
"JUST PLAIN BILL"



THANK YOU
VERY MUCH,
TIGHTWAD.

YOU'RE WELCOME,
UNCLE ER...



HELLO, TIGHTWAD

HELLO, UNCLE!
I'VE BROUGHT
SOMETHING
FOR YOU.



...TAKE A
LOOK INSIDE THE
BILLFOLD. YOU'LL
FIND SOMETHING
IN IT.

REALLY?
WHAT?



SOMETHING
FOR ME?

YES...A
BILLFOLD!



THE BILL
FOR THE
BILLFOLD!



LEVEL 50007

ROLLER SKATE FACTS

YOU AND THREE OF YOUR
BANDS COULD PULL THIS
856,000 POUND STEAM
LOCOMOTIVE FROM A
DEAD STOP! YOU DON'T
HAVE TO BE SUPERMAN.
IT'S EASY BECAUSE
PRECISION BEARINGS
ON EACH WHEEL DO
86% OF THE WORK!!



ROLLERS, HERE'S MY NEW
FREE "TOPS IN SKATING TIPS" BOOK!
LET... FOR SOME HINTS ON EXPERT
SKATING... THEY'RE GOING FAST
--SO WRITE TODAY.



100 ROWS OF BALL
BEARINGS IN EACH WHEEL
FOR FAST, SMOOTH ROLL

...NO WINCHESTER
FREE WHEELING ROLLER
SKATES SLICE LIKE
GREASED LIGHTNING
BECAUSE THEY, TOO,
HAVE WINCHESTER-
MADE PRECISION BALL
BEARINGS ON EACH
WHEEL... THAT'S WHY
IT'S SO EASY TO SKATE
FASTER ON WINCHESTER
FREE WHEELING ROLLER
SKATED!!

REAL
LEATHER
STRAPS

WHEELS FOR
STEEL, CHROME,
OR PLYWOOD



SAFETY
CLAMPS

REMEMBER, INSIST ON
WINCHESTER
FREE WHEELING
ROLLER SKATES

GET THEM AT YOUR
LOCAL DEALER'S

DOUBLE TREAD ROLL
FOR MORE TRACTION

LEATHER
STRAP
ADJUSTABLE

WEATHER

COOL TODAY
HOT
TAMALE!

The Gazabo Gazette

PRICE

ANYTHING
WE CAN GET

VOL. NO. 100

PAGE 1

HEADLINE HARRY

FRUITFUL
ASSIGNMENT

SPLASH!

GLUSH

WHIRSSH

SPURSHH!

HIT HEADLINE HARRY
IN THE HEAD WITH A
HEAVY HUNK OF FRUIT!

AT THE OFFICE OF THE GAZABO GAZETTE



NEVER MIND ABOUT THAT! I WANT YOU TO RUN OVER TO MARKET STREET. A BIG FRUIT STORE IS OPENING THERE TODAY. MAYBE YOU CAN GET A STICKY OUT OF IT.



FRUIT STORE, SH? I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET A PEACHY STICKY THEN!

WELL, SOME, BUT I DOUBT YOU'RE ABLE TO GET A TALKING CAKE!



SHORTLY AFTER-



GOOD. THE OPENING HURRY 'TIL TWELVE O'CLOCK! THAT'LL GIVE ME SOME TIME TO LOOK AROUND.



OH, WHAT NICE APRICOTS!

APRICOTS



I'M GOING TO SEE IF THEY'RE AS RIPE AS THEY LOOK!

HUM?



HAHAH! THEY ARE NICE AND SOFT!

GRRR! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SQUEEZING THE APRICOTS?



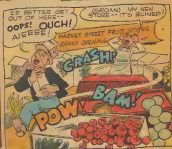
IT'S OKAY. I HAVE THE RIGHT TO SQUEEZE THE PEACHES. I'M A REPORTER!

HUM? JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A REPORTER YOU'VE GOT A RIGHT TO SQUEEZE ALL MY PEACHES!

PEACHES



CAPT. MARVEL



INTERPLANETARY CENSUS

A JON JARL Adventure

By Eando Binder

A THOUSAND ships of the Space Patrol drummed out into space, away from Earth, and veered off toward all the other worlds of the Solar System. Grimly, guns bristling, the huge fleet had the power to blast any world to ruins.

Was there war among the worlds?

The rocket ship of Lieutenant Jon Jarl landed and he stepped forth as wondering and half-frightened natives peered anxiously at the strange weapons in his hands. The weapons consisted of an electric pencil and a strip of aluminum paper.

"Don't be scared," Jon laughed. "I'm only here to take the census."

When their faces were mollified, Jon Jarl explained. "The Earth Federation has decided to take a census of all the planets and moons and asteroids. We're going to count every living soul everywhere. The Space Patrol has been assigned to the job."

Jon himself had been assigned to Phoebe, the loneliest and most remote of Saturn's moons. He would go from door to door of the native villages and tabulate those within. The natives of Phoebe were simple peasants. Physically, they were tall and reedy and had four arms.

But at the first door, Jon's troubles began. The natives were proud, to say the least. Besides the parents, Jon saw a dozen more little faces peering from cracks in the walls.

"How many children in your house?" Jon asked.

"Fifteen," replied the father. But after Jon wrote it down, he added—"but there are more outside in the yard!" He led the way and Jon was suddenly bowled over by a horde of kids, peeing and playing some game.

Jon picked himself up. "All yours?" he gasped. "How many?"

The father scratched his head. "I never counted," he admitted. "Maybe 60 or 70. Or 80."

Jon finally lined them up and counted, and wrote it down. "What a big family!" he murmured.

The father shook his head. "We're the smallest family in this village."

Some days later, Jon left the village and rocketed for the next one. Luckily,

Phoebe was sparsely populated and the villages were few in number.

But while passing over a barren stretch, Jon saw a moving figure below. Did someone live down there in the wasteland? As census-taker, it was his duty to find out. Phoebe had never been thoroughly explored.

Jon was startled. The creature facing him when he landed, was a huge man-sized amoeba! Almost like a giant germ. "Well, that critter doesn't go in my census as a thinking being," Jon muttered.

"Why not?" came back in clear telepathic radiation. "I have a mind!"

Jon managed to speak after a moment. "An overrated intelligent amoeba! All right, down you go as one of a new species."

"No—two!" came back the thought radiation, as the creature split into two identical halves. "And I split every hour. By this time tomorrow, there will be dozens of me."

"I give up!" moaned Jon. "How can I count you in the census? It would change every day!"

"Please count me in the census," begged the amoeboid eagerly. "Don't ignore me. I have a right to be included because I'm a living creature with a mind!"

But Jon was returning to his ship, dismissing the matter from his mind. "What next?" he wondered. "There can't be anything stranger than that."

It was wrong. For further on, Jon saw a lone figure running and hiding among rocks. Jon pursued. Every soul had to be counted, and the figure was human-like. It was a mad chase and Jon stumbled once and cut himself. But he panted on and finally caught the fleeing figure. Now he could see it was made of metal!

"Why, you're a robot!" Jon choked.

"Yes," came back in a metallic voice. "My human master freed me and left me on this world to live my own life. Don't take me back."

Wearily and hot from the chase, Jon sat on a stone and decided the census-taking business was a queer affair. All his effort had been for nothing. He couldn't count a robot in the census of living people!

CAPT. MARVEL

"On your way," Jon muttered, turning back to his ship.

At the ship, Jon heard a sizzling sound and four huge amoeba rolled up. "There are four of us now," came the telepathic thought. "Won't you count us in the census?"

"Are you following me around?" Jon granted. "How can I count you? It's impossible. Forget it."

MORE surprises lay in store for Jon as he continued on Phoebe. He came upon rocks that moved and talked among themselves. Jon tried to speak to them, but they utterly ignored him as if he didn't exist. Should he put them down as "people" or not? Jon threw up his hands and made a notation of the queer discovery.

Later, an odd ship landed and the being that stepped out was a cross between a turtle and an eagle.

"Now where are you from?" Jon inquired. "Mars? Venus? Ganymede? Pluto?"

"None of those worlds," came back the calm reply, again in projected thought radiation. "I'm from another star—the one you call Sirius! I've made the first journey from our star here. A great feat!" His thought-voice suddenly weakened. "But it was a long trip . . . great hardship . . . end of my endurance . . ."

A moment later, Jon stared down at the dead form of an interstellar explorer who would never return to tell of his amazing flight!

"And I'm supposed to be on a census-taking tour," Jon muttered ironically. "I can't count him—dead!"

"But you can count me—or us!" came a thought-voice behind him. Jon whirled to find eight amoeboid creatures rolling up. "Please count us?" It was almost in a sad thought-voice.

"Will you stop pestering me?" Jon yelled. "I've got enough troubles without you multiplying monkeys following me!"

Jon next stumbled on a greater surprise—an Earthman! He sat before a cave, slowly and ill-kempt.

"I'm a hermit," he growled in surly tones. "I hate people. Go away."

"Well, at least you go down in the census report," Jon said almost happily, marking him down. But as Jon turned away, his eye caught a stack of food crates piled beside a rocket ship.

"That's enough food for an army," Jon said puzzled.

The hermit's voice was cold. "I—I just like to eat a lot. Now go!"

Jon left, but when night fell he was back. From behind a tree, he watched the hermit lug the food crates inside the cave. No man could eat that much in less than a year, Jon decided. What lay in the cave?

Jon crept in after the hermit and saw it was a giant cavern. In the dim light of flickering torches were a dozen other Earthmen. What did it mean? Why wouldn't the hermit reveal them to be counted in the census?

A blow crashed without warning against Jon's skull, and half-senseless, he was dragged before the men. Sweeping his eyes over them, Jon could see the grim, hard-bitten faces of desperate men.

"Criminals!" Jon gasped. "Wanted men! Hiding out on Phoebe. And the hermit has been supplying you with food."

"Yeah, Space Copper," granted one bandit, leaning and drawing his ray gun. "And pretty soon, there's gonna be one less to count in the census—you!"

Jon reached for his gun, but it was gone. They had taken it before. Jon faced death. But even as the ray gun hoosed, strange round forms hurtled past him, toward the bandits. It was the amoeboids—sixteen of them. They were attacking the bandits, protecting Jon!

The criminals all fired, horrified at the queer monsters. But every time an amoeba was hit, it split in two, and both halves continued advancing. They rolled over and overwhelmed the bandits, knocking them flat. Jon gathered their guns and soon had them helpless.

LATER, after a cruising unit of the Space Police had come to pick up the captured men, Jon Jarl was ready to continue his census-taking assignment. The amoeboids stood before him in silent hope.

"All right," grinned Jon. "You go down in the census report!"

A telepathic cheer came from the massed amoeboids, from all 32 of them. Or was it 64? And what would it be by the time Jon returned and reported on Earth?

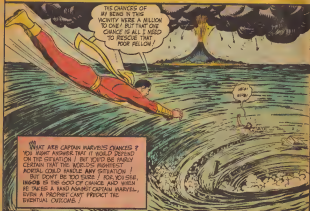
"And I thought," Jon murmured, "this census-taking was going to be fun and relaxation!"

THE END

JON JARL travels the space lanes to adventure in every issue of CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!

Captain MARVEL'S

LONG CHANCE



SOLE AND UNDISPUTED MASTER OF THE LAWS OF CHANCE IS THE GOD, INSOR!

YOU SENT FOR ME, SARE?

YES! A NEW GAMBLING HOUSE IS BEING OPENED IN PARIS! THEY'LL NEED THE STATISTICAL TABLES GOVERNING THE OPERATION OF ROULETTE TABLES, CHEMIS DE FER AND SIMILAR GAMES!



BE CERTAIN THAT THE LAWS OF CHANCE, AS SET FORTH IN THESE TABLES, ARE STRICTLY OBSERVED!

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME, SARE!



CAPT. MARVEL

NO WORK IS NEVER DONE !
I'VE STILL GOT APPOINT-
MENTS WITH MESSINGERS
HANDLING THE CHARGES OF
MOTOR ACCIDENTS, TRUCK
LOVE AND SALMON
FISHING !



NOT ONLY THAT !
I NEED A SPECIAL,
URGENT REQUEST
FOR A STATISTICAL
CHART DEALING
WITH THE
ACTIVITIES OF
CAPTAIN
MARVEL !



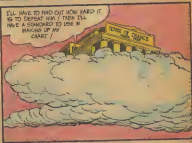
I'VE WORKED OUT THE ODDS ON EVERY
CONCEIVABLE HUMAN EVENT ! BUT I'VE
NEVER FIGURED OUT THE LAWS OF CHANCE
AFFECTING CAPTAIN MARVEL ! BAH ! I
FORGESS A DIFFICULT PROBLEM !



WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF A CROOK
ESCAPING FROM HIM ? THE ODDS
AGAINST HIS BEING KILLED ? I'LL
HAVE TO GUESS HIM IN ACTION
BEFORE I CAN DECIDE
THAT !



I'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT HOW HARD IT
IS TO DEFEAT HIM ! THEN I'LL
HAVE A SOMEBODY TO USE IN
MARKING UP MY
CHART !



SOME TIME LATER,
ON THE SUN-BAKED
VOLCANIC ISLAND OF
LEADS . . .



IS THIS PONY LITTLE
DIAMOND ALL YOU'VE
DUG TODAY ? WHY
LADY SHINE !

THERE'LL BE NO GOOD WITH-
YOU FIND MORE AND Bigger
DIAMONDS ! GET TO WORK !



CAPT. MARVEL





BUT IN THE HOUSE OF CHANCE, INSIDE WATCHES CAPTAIN MARVEL ON HIS MAGIC VIEW-ALL SCREEN!

CAPTAIN MARVEL IS A FORTUNABLE OPPONENT! IT WILL REQUIRE SOMETHING UNUSUAL TO STOP HIM! I KNOW JUST WHAT WILL DO IT!



BUT FIRST I'LL SEE HOW MUCH CHANCE AN AVERAGE MORTAL LIKE GEORGE BELLETS HAS OF DEFEATING HIM!



CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOU DON'T BELONG HERE!



THEN YOU MUST SUSPECT WHY I'VE COME!

BELLETS WON'T STOP ME FROM PUTTING AN END TO YOUR EVIL SLAVE PRACTICE!



THE BKA! OBVIOUSLY THE AVERAGE MAN'S CHANCE AGAINST CAPTAIN MARVEL RATES AT ZERO! I'LL NEED SOMETHING BETTER! IT'S TIME FOR THE VOLCANO!



BAROOOM!

WOW! THE VOLCANO'S ERUPTING!



EVERYONE ON THE ISLAND WILL BE KILLED IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING! I'LL COME FOR YOU LATER!





THIS STUFF
COULD BE
DANGEROUS!

MOVING FASTER
THAN THE EYE CAN
FOLLOW, CAPTAIN
MARVEL CATCHES THE
MUTUNG ROCKS!



I WORRY
THAT'S ABOUT ALL!
NOTHING SEEMS TO
HAVE GOTTEN
DUST ME!



HAH!
I OVERLOOKED
THIS!



WHAT WILL CORK UP
THE VOLCANO
NOW!

Whizz



BUT IT WILL
BLOW UP AGAIN
UNLESS I MAKE A SAFETY
VALVE THROUGH WHICH THE
PRESSURE OF THE BURNING
INTERNAL GASES CAN
ESCAPE! NEEDS A
LUCKY SPOT!



THERE IS A TREMENDOUS
ROARING SOUND! THEN A
SHORT SPURT OF MINGLED
LAVA AND FLAME ERUPTS
FROM THE MOUND.
CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS MADE
IN THE VOLCANO'S SIDE!

Roar

AND IN THE HOUSE OF CHANCE ...

CAPTAIN MARVEL IS AN
 INCREDIBLE MAN. BUT SURELY HE MUST
 HAVE PERISHED IN THAT VOLCANIC LAKE!
 EVEN IF HE SURVIVED, HOWEVER, HE'LL
 NEVER CATCH GEORGE WELLES!
 SO THERE IS A WAY TO STOP
 CAPTAIN MARVEL!



NOW I CAN GET TO WORK FIGURING
 OUT THE LAWS OF CHANCE AS THEY
 APPLY TO SA / LET ME SEE!
 ONE PARTICULAR MULTIPLIED
 BY THE SQUARE OF ITS
 AREA



BUT EVEN THE
 BLASTING HEAT OF
 LAVA'S FURY
 COULD NOT MELT
 CAPTAIN MARVEL,
 AND ...

IT WAS GETTING
 WARM IN THERE!



IT CERTAINLY IS CURIOUS HOW
 THAT VOLCANO ERUPTED JUST AT
 THE RIGHT TIME TO SAVE
 GEORGE WELLES! BUT IT
 DOESN'T MATTER!
 NOTHING WILL SAVE
 SA NOW!



MERKLE, IN A CAMOUFLAGED
 CAVE ...

HA-HA! MORE OF THE
 FOOLS WHO WORKED FOR
 ME ELSE ROUND MY PLANS!
 I WAS TOO WELL
 HIDDEN!



THEY THOUGHT
 I'D TAKE THEM TO
 SAFETY, TOO / BUT I NEVER
 INTENDED TO / I'LL LEAVE
 THEM TO ROT, WHILE I GO
 BACK TO CIVILIZATION
 WITH MY PRECIOUS
 DIAMONDS!



BLIP! CAPTAIN
 MARVEL AGAIN!
 HE'S GONE
 AWAY!



CAPT. MARVEL



NO USE TRYING TO ESCAPE / YES, NOT HUMAN / I WANT A CHANGE!

KNOWLEDGE!



WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN MY PLANE?

THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN / I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU / GIVE ME THOSE CONTROLS!



AFTER ALL, MY STATISTICAL TABLES ARE ALL WORKED OUT / THEY PROVE CAPTAIN MARVEL CAN BE DEFEATED! AND I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE ALL THAT WORK GO FOR NOTHING!



NOT A CHANGE IN A THOUSAND THAT UPGRADE WOULD COME ALONG JUST THEN! BUT IT DID! AGG-AGG!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED / WHY SOLEY! WHERE DID THIS CLOUD COME FROM?

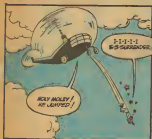


AGG-AGG-AGG! / THAT CLOUD DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE IN A MILLION TO SHOW UP AT THAT PARTICULAR SPOT! BUT I ARRANGED IT!



HELLO! / I DIDN'T THINK I HAD A CHANCE TO FIND YOU IN THIS CLOUD, BUT I DID!

WOW! / I JUST HADN'T OVERLOOKED SOMETHING!



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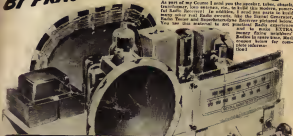
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 LEADERS IN ANY LEAGUE FOR FIT, STYLE
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